

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, July 14, 1881.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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A postage free to all Subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. J. P. CLARK, will call upon our subscribers to Penobscot county during July and August.

Mr. G. A. RICE, Agent for the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers to Somerset county during August and September.

The President Lives.

The people of the whole country have been anxious watchers for the least information from the sick chamber of the stricken President, until solicitude has changed to hope well grounded, and which has been growing brighter and brighter since we communicated to our readers the startling intelligence of the attempted assassination. Our report closed on Wednesday night, the 6th inst., when there was steady improvement in the President's case; he was sleeping well, taking regular diet, and had but little pain.

When the President's life was despaired of the question was asked: "Is the President aware of his condition?" "Oh, yes," a friend replied, "he knew that his condition was very dangerous, but he really expected to live much longer than this." "How does he view death?" "Well, far different from what many people would. General Garfield had lived an intellectuallife, and has taken a wider and more comprehensive view of life and its results than most people. He has, to my knowledge, canvassed the subject in all its branches, and years ago came to look upon it as an every day subject of life."

He became a Christian in early life, and has remained one ever since, although he has studied thoroughly and deeply into religious and scientific subjects. With him religion was an emotional matter—a subject involving the heart and affection, and he believed as such it should be elevated to the highest extent." "Does he not find it a hard struggle to accept death calmly when he thinks of leaving his family and all good things alike, honor and power within his grasp?" "Yes, of course, he finds it hard, but not so hard as you think. He and Mrs. Garfield have talked this subject of death over time and again, and they most thoroughly understand one another. The faith of both is united into one great strengthening arm, which upholds them in times of affliction like this, and so both accept the inevitable with an abiding faith in the will of God, and bow without stubbornness to His decree."

On Wednesday evening, to the question, "Do you consider that he is on the road to recovery, and will get up?" Dr. Blais replied, "There are many dangers ahead, and we cannot tell yet what ones will escape. There have been many recoveries from gunshot wounds through the liver, but the authorities all show that the average time when the patients were out of danger was thirty-one days. I do not think the President will be out of danger until he has passed the 31st day, and then it may be a long time before he can be considered convalescent. If he passes the 31st day we shall consider his recovery certain, but until that period is passed we must wait patiently."

BLAINE, Secretary.

On Monday the President complained of a headache, and was confined to bed. As the following morning, the 10th day since he was wounded, the symptoms of the President are all hopeful and favorable. Supposition goes on with no higher pulse or temperature, and it is to be expected that he will be up in a short time. A pint of a sweat a day is relieved and digested. His physical strength keeps up wonderfully, and his mind is equally clear and active, without any trace of delirium. He is now well, and appearing on the whole better than hitherto. During the twenty-four hours he had taken altogether fourteen ounces of milk and one ounce of rum, Sunday morning at 10:30 he again received ten grains of bismuth of quinia. Both Saturday and the day before the wound was dressed antiseptically twice during the twenty-four hours. Sunday morning it was discharged less than Saturday, but its appearance was healthy. The President was reported comfortable and in a good frame of mind, but restless under the junction not to talk much. He wants to know what is going on around him and as to what the newspapers say. On Monday the following despatch was sent to our minister by Secretary Blaine:

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The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

The Golden Wedding.

Wake up, wife! The black cloak of night begins to fall.
And far in the east the morning, his kitchen fire has
And he is heating red-hot his stove of iron-gray,
And the fire is twinkling and blinking before the light
of day.

Mind you what I was doing just fifty years ago?
Brushing my Sunday raiment, and putting my best
Clothes myself in course, so now my bright world
seen all the world had to offer, but it was you from
far.

Ten miles wood an' bramble, 'n' three miles field an'
In the cold smile of morning I walked to marry you;
No horse had I but within—no place but a house,
But a simple heart had I, and that's what you from
far,

So thoughts I, well, I hurried, set through
An' little I thought o' tiring, the whole of my journey.

Things never before nor after do a man rejoice,
As this day he marries the woman of his choice.

And then our country wedding—bridegroom's grieve!
With every one a-pintin' an' jokin' on me!

The good old world came and went, with so it seems
What clouds have chased each other across the sum-

There was your good old father, dressed up in wed-
die shape,

With all the household fun that he could rear;

And your dear-hearted mother, the sunlight of
whose home were the showers of tears that storm-
ed her face.

Also your sisters an' brothers, who hardly seemed
How the world could ever up to their sister's goot;

A bunch of texts in his left eye, a hymn-book in his
right;

An' the young virgin daughter, plain an' always pure;

What more could we be happy, but wasn't exactly
sure;

And there was the vicar, seasoned with kind re-
gards an' love,

And the priest with broussings of rubies, up
above;

There was no heart a-wanderin' as how such
An' them was the world before us, an' there was
you and me.

Wake up, wife! that gold bird, the sun, has come in
sight;

And on the tree-top perched, to take his sight,
It is the time to sell out, and start away.

As he does so often since fifty years to day.

You know there's company coming—our daughter
an' our sons;

There's Tom and James and Lucy, as all their lit-
tle ones;

And Jenkins, she will be here, who in her grave
doth sit.

(Provided company can come from the north.)

And so I can't certain as he will come or not;
They say he is a black sheep—the wildest of the lot.

Before a son's mishap, a father's love stands

But still, somehow or other, I hope that Sam will
come.

The tree bends down its branches to its children
The son is lord of the father, and rules him with a rod;

And he will ever be longed for, though far he be apart;

For the drop of blood he carries, that came from
the father's heart.

Wake up, wife! the lond sun has roused the sweet
daylight,

And she dressed herself up in red and yellow;

She is dressed herself for us, wife—for our wed-

ding day once more;

And my soul to-day is younger than it ever was be-

fore.

—From "Festivals," by WILL CARLTON.

Our Story Teller.

THE SILVER TANKARD.

On a slope of land sloping back to the south, in a low, thickly-settled town in the State of Maine, some hundred and more years ago, stood a farmhouse to which the epithet "comfortable" might be applied.

The old forest came down to the back of the house, and in the front, a field, which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees, which the Indians had cut down, and buried, though half a century or more ago.

The house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no other cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbor was a mile off, and the road led through the woods to meet the main highway.

Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this spot in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, which was a black sheep, though it was, indeed, a good one, though he was a son of a chieftain, and his children's children. He was willing to be off from men, if his children might have room to settle around him. He was booked upon a ship, which, on her first voyage, was known over that part of the country. The house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in height, it is said, though it is a long, single story; it is said, if it is a fact, that it is built to the cold winds from the northern mountains.

It was full of the comforts of life—the furniture was well selected, and when the table was set there, to use a Yankee phrase, "considerable" silver plate, among which a large tankard stood pre-eminent. This tankard had been the property of his father, an old man brought over from the mother country.

Now we will go back to this pleasant valley as it was on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June.

Sunday morning, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man, had gone to meet, on foot, to the Landing, a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. They had been walking along the river bank, and waiting for the boat, and waiting for his good wife, who had been somewhat delayed. It was standing at the doorway, enjoying the shade of the trees, when the two others, having seen something about in these parts, and that you had better look out lest you have a bad time, got into their boat, and went to the shore to meet him. He was looking for a neighbor, of six miles off, who had run up to him, and was requested to bring him to the gate of the enclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbor Gordon," said he, "I have come out of the way in going to meet you, and to tell you that Tom, who is staying with two others, have been seen prowling about in these parts, and that you had better look out lest you have a bad time, get into your boat, and wait for me to come to you." I don't think it safe for you to go in, however, so good bye."

The community, and our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. He had been settled that no one was to be left at home, but his daubed, mortified, a beauty, a fine young woman, who had been staying with him, was to go.

He advised by the way of Louisiana with serious opposition till he arrived at San Francisco, where he was received with open arms, and was soon a member of the Spanish nobility, and is now in the possession of a clergymen's wife in Massachusetts.

With her, and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here she would do more for you, but I have to do it myself, and all that with a friend, living here, glad to please her father, whose last words were, to spare of their abundance to the weary traveler."

Smith was a simple soul, and entered. Now it was neither breakfast-time nor dinner-time, but about half-way between both; yet little Hiltz's head was full of the direction, "Spare of our abundance," and Smith, who had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard, as soon as the men-folks had gone to meet him, said, "Well, I can cook some meat?" asked Hiltz.

"We can't wait," was the reply, "give us what you have ready, as soon as you can." "I will glad you to have me to eat with you," said the thief, who, half-starved, had been lurking and blinking before the light o' day.

Mind you what I was doing just fifty years ago?

Brushing my Sunday raiment, and putting my best

Clothes myself in course, so now my bright world

had come to me, but it was you from

far,

So thoughts I, well, I hurried, set through

An' little I thought o' tiring, the whole of my jour-

ney.

Things never before nor after do a man rejoice,

As this day he marries the woman of his choice.

And then our country wedding—bridegroom's grieve!

With every one a-pintin' an' jokin' on me!

The good old world came and went, with so it seems

What clouds have chased each other across the sum-

There was your good old father, dressed up in wed-
die shape,

With all the household fun that he could rear;

And your dear-hearted mother, the sunlight of
whose home were the showers of tears that storm-
ed her face.

Also your sisters an' brothers, who hardly seemed
How the world could ever up to their sister's goot;

A bunch of texts in his left eye, a hymn-book in his
right;

An' the young virgin daughter, plain an' always pure;

What more could we be happy, but wasn't exactly
sure;

And there was the vicar, seasoned with kind re-
gards an' love,

And the priest with broussings of rubies, up
above;

There was no heart a-wanderin' as how such
An' them was the world before us, an' there was
you and me.

Wake up, wife! that gold bird, the sun, has come in
sight;

And on the tree-top perched, to take his sight,
It is the time to sell out, and start away.

As he does so often since fifty years to day.

You know there's company coming—our daughter
an' our sons;

There's Tom and James and Lucy, as all their lit-
tle ones;

And Jenkins, she will be here, who in her grave
doth sit.

(Provided company can come from the north.)

And so I can't certain as he will come or not;

They say he is a black sheep—the wildest of the lot.

Before a son's mishap, a father's love stands

But still, somehow or other, I hope that Sam will
come.

The tree bends down its branches to its children
The son is lord of the father, and rules him with a rod;

And he will ever be longed for, though far he be apart;

For the drop of blood he carries, that came from
the father's heart.

Wake up, wife! the lond sun has roused the sweet
daylight,

And she dressed herself up in red and yellow;

She is dressed herself for us, wife—for our wed-

ding day once more;

And my soul to-day is younger than it ever was be-

fore.

—From "Festivals," by WILL CARLTON.

with her, and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here she would do more for you, but I have to do it myself, and all that with a friend, living here, glad to please her father, whose last words were, to spare of their abundance to the weary traveler."

Smith was a simple soul, and entered. Now it was neither breakfast-time nor dinner-time, but about half-way between both; yet little Hiltz's head was full of the direction, "Spare of our abundance," and Smith, who had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard, as soon as the men-folks had gone to meet him, said, "Well, I can cook some meat?" asked Hiltz.

"We can't wait," was the reply, "give us what you have ready, as soon as you can." "I will glad you to have me to eat with you," said the thief, who, half-starved, had been lurking and blinking before the light o' day.

Mind you what I was doing just fifty years ago?

Brushing my Sunday raiment, and putting my best

Clothes myself in course, so now my bright world

had come to me, but it was you from

far,

So thoughts I, well, I hurried, set through

An' little I thought o' tiring, the whole of my jour-

ney.

Things never before nor after do a man rejoice,

As this day he marries the woman of his choice.

And then our country wedding—bridegroom's grieve!

With every one a-pintin' an' jokin' on me!

The good old world came and went, with so it seems

What clouds have chased each other across the sum-

There was your good old father, dressed up in wed-
die shape,

With all the household fun that he could rear;

And your dear-hearted mother, the sunlight of
whose home were the showers of tears that storm-
ed her face.

Also your sisters an' brothers, who hardly seemed
How the world could ever up to their sister's goot;

A bunch of texts in his left eye, a hymn-book in his
right;

An' the young virgin daughter, plain an' always pure;

What more could we be happy, but wasn't exactly
sure;

And there was the vicar, seasoned with kind re-
gards an' love,

And the priest with broussings of rubies, up
above;

There was no heart a-wanderin' as how such
An' them was the world before us, an' there was
you and me.

Wake up, wife! that gold bird, the sun, has come in
sight;

And on the tree-top perched, to take his sight,
It is the time to sell out, and start away.

As he does so often since fifty years to day.

You know there's company coming—our daughter
an' our sons;

There's Tom and James and Lucy, as all their lit-
tle ones;

And Jenkins, she will be here, who in her grave
doth sit.

(Provided company can come from the north.)

And so I can't certain as he will come or not;

They say he is a black sheep—the wildest of the lot.

Before a son's mishap, a father's love stands

But still, somehow or other, I hope that Sam will
come.

The tree bends down its branches to its children
The son is lord of the father, and rules him with a rod;

And he will ever be longed